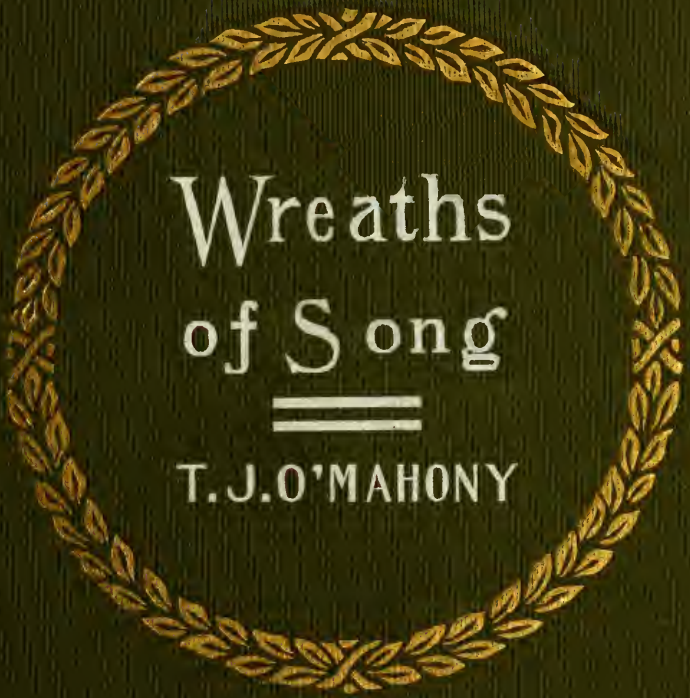

Wreaths
of Song
T. J. O'MAHONY

Class PR 6027
Book .M3W7
Copyright No. 1902

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

WREATHS OF SONG

A LYRICAL THOUGHT SEQUENCE

BY

Rev. T. J. O'MAHONY, D.D., D.C.L.

All Hallows College, Dublin, Ireland

THE

Abbey Press

PUBLISHERS

114

FIFTH AVENUE

London NEW YORK Montreal

PR6029
M3W7
1902

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
Two Copies Received
MAR 25 1903
Copyright Entry
Mar. 25-903
CLASS a XXc. No.
55964
COPY B.

Copyright, 1902,
by
THE
Abbey Press.

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS

WREATHS OF SONG

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

Under the general title of WREATHS OF SONG, the present volume contains the author's THOUGHT ECHOES, WREATHS OF SONG FROM COURSES OF PHILOSOPHY (Re-echoes, Symphonies, Harmonies), and WREATHS OF SONG FROM A COURSE OF DIVINITY (Harmonics, Thought-terming, Allel). The whole thus represents an up-to-date collection of the author's philosophical and theological poems arranged and revised by himself. For sub-title it is called A LYRICAL THOUGHT SEQUENCE, as that form of sequence is found not only between the pieces of each series but also between each of the seven series of the collection.

CONTENTS.

THOUGHT ECHOES.

	PAGE
Proem	3
Gnosis	6
Noesis	9
Neuma	10
Noema	11
Life	13
Thought	15
Love	16
Love's Term	17
Universe	18
Union	19
Self-Union	21
Self-Reflection	22
Self-Determination	23
The Absolute	25
Revelation	26
Epodion	28

RE-ECHOES.

Prelude	31
Physis	33
Isis	35
Eleysis	37
Processus	39
Processio	41

PAGE
Progressus 44
De Profundis 45
In Altis 46
Excelsior 48
In Excelsis 51

SYMPHONIES.

Prelude 55
Aura 57
Hertha 58
Cosmos 59
Tir Na N-oge 60
Coeli 61
Elion 63
Eloi 65
Elohe 67
Eloah 68

HARMONIES.

Prelude 71
Spiritus 72
Spirans 73
Respirans 74
Suspiria 75
Aspirans 77
Passing 78
Away 79
For Aye 82
The Way 83
The End 84

HARMONICS.

PAGE
Prelude 89
I Am 91
Who Am 92
He 93
Who Is 95
There 97

THOUGHT-TERMING.

Prelude 101
Ex Celsis 103
Benedictus 105
Qui Venit 107
Nomine Domini 109

ALLEL.

Prelude 113
Paraclito 121
Trisagion 123
Sabaoth 125
Allel Sabaoth 127
Amen 131
Conclusion 133
Logia 134
Apologia 136
Envoi 137

Appendix 141

Thought-Echoes.

FIRST SERIES.

Thought-Echoes.

A Self-Thought Sequence.

PROEM.

WHAT shall I read?—I was thinking, while I looked from study chair
Up at life's treasured tomes of truth, fondly feeling there
In their words enshrined lay many a mind of the truest that ever were.
Resting at last, thought self-stayed at the one I had long loved most,
And laboured with, too, for all that I knew men said 'twas love's labour lost:
As if could be lost love's labour for truth, be what may the pain or cost!

Reflecting thus my spirit thrilled to the depths
of its inmost sense
With need till then unfelt of faith for reason's
reverence.
Then rose—ah, why try to explain? What
more now may I know
Than, as of over-consciousness, was mystical
outflow
My life from to that life-word of the Word's
own scholar-saint,
As there my spirit his would meet, but, yearn-
ing so, waxed faint
For sweetness of the yearning. When came
like a living breath
As effluence of spirit-life mine strengthening,
and yet
So sweetly soothing!—Earth's cares, e'en the
old self-care, did die
Within my soul, the while all that so faintly
used feel "I"
Alert, instinct with some new force as of a
second youth,
Felt living thought's true life, listening to liv-
ing word of truth.

That said, methought, not in the way of sound
to hearing's sense,
But as to spirit spirit speaks through pure
intelligence:—
"'Tis time, turn in. Within thee seek the
centre of thy soul.
Self-silence there. Then shalt thou hear
Mind's mystic echoes roll
From out the everlasting hills, self-telling of
the whole
Of what should wills, as willing-well, e'er wish
there ever may
Be as it is, and reason tell there must self-be
for aye.
So shalt thou sing, and, though each song's
wrought form of words be thine,
Shalt for the universal need of head and heart
in truth and deed
Thought-echo the Divine!"

GNOSIS.

I.

I AM—I know—first knowing want, and there,
all else before,
Mean what it may, what shows to thought as
want to want no more.
No—not for naught makes Nature's want:
good it tends to pursue.
Still, thus I tend now not but *to have,* nor
even but *to do.*
Of far other tending the need tells, and higher
and deeper. I see—
In that I self-knowing thus want not to want,
I want to be let *be*—
For ever and ever! Whatever I got or have
been able to gain
So as but to *have* or *do* aught if not for *being
e'er* must be vain.

II.

Vain wert then, vision of Beauty and Truth
and Goodness and Greatness all o'er me,

But beckoning me up?—bright dream of my
youth, there even now rising before me!
Wert thou also vain, manhood's last aim?—
life-labour's substance and sum!
No, no—and 'twas always the same: I longed,
as I long, to *become*.
That longing I now know cannot be wrong,
for I feel it my *being's* feel:
What no world-fact or act of my own, but my
Maker's in me doth reveal.
The self-word of sense is this want to act forth
what of worth is my life's potency,
To grow what for aye I am made to become,
to be what 'tis in me to be,
And, being so, know that I am to be so wholly
and eternally.

III.

Yearning heart, what wouldst thou more?
Doth sense the right not say?
Thou sighest so, I scarcely know whether for
yea or nay
Or only doubt. Still, sigh, my heart! Why
not?—but thus shalt tell
The thought-term of thy nature's way, and
that too must be well.

Sigh on—yes, what if perfect self for aye I
came to be?
'Twould not suffice. Life's self-longing thought
wholly turns from Me.
No matter what self-sense may show as *being*
to become,
Not that may mean for what life cries while
thus what does sighs: "Home!"
Sense shows not all the right. Self is not
made self-wise to move:
Nay, at its best, it is thy slave, thy willing
slave, sweet Love!

* * * * *

Love, love for aye—for aye! Oh, hear that
thought's re-echoing roll
Adown thy being's deepest deeps—*love, love
for aye*—my soul!
What may that be but truth to thee self-telling
of the whole
Of what of worth was, is, and—be what might
made pass away—
What should and shall be and be done and be
self-known for aye.

NOESIS.

WHAT need one know more than that stirred
His spirit's depths the living word
Of truth self-told to know he should
Self-utter as its spirit would
To time of all it told have told?
So hath it been well said of old:
"The word conceived who shall withhold?"
Birds self-sing at the call of Spring,
Trees in the breeze self-sound:
So truth-told thought self-words—and ought
Though no listening souls be found.
Be that with me as it may be,
This only, friend, I ask of thee:
Should ever song, verse, line or word
Of mine to thy thought rest afford,
Seek where with truth then in accord
Our minds make harmony.

First Term.

NEUMA.

THE spirit's voice! What may that be
  But word of its source to mind,
Self-voicing nature's sympathy,
  Truth's living word of kind?
Self lifting from self-sense's course
  Into life's sovereign sense,
'Tis reason's fundamental force,
  The sense of the presence
Of Other there whence comes love's call
  For one to speak or do
What shall proclaim anew to all
  Where all are tending to.

NOEMA.

Tending always wholly to be
  One in act with self-source:
That is the law of constancy
  For every living force.

Now life here could but from above
  Have come, and only thence
Through life's own sovereign act of love
  And for love's consequence.

Yet Earth's self-word through æons of strife—
  Mean what may the mystery—
Proclaims want, woe and loss of life,
  Its way to what is to be.

Love left here thinking well may sigh:
  Has some one not done wrong?
Reason thereto may well reply
  Only by sighing on.

Sigh on, reason, sigh on—to truth
Thy voice self-thought must move:
Though first all sad to ear of youth
Yearning for life and love.

LIFE.

As yet, young life, hast lived to know
  But sweets of life's success,
And now thy heart is all aglow
  With health and happiness.

So wouldst day-dream. Well, which shall be
  First of time's coming woes?
Is this self-forming agony
  Wherewith life's current flows?

See through the blue yon darkening spot!
  Means that life's thunder cloud?
Then may the hands the robes have wrought
  Prepare the funeral shroud.

Or must ye first flow, bitter tears
  For love lost—hopes found vain?
Then shall the end bring weary years
  Or weeks of racking pain?

And then—soul, think what there may be
For horror, hate and fear!
Yet, yet—now see goodness, beauty,
And brightness shown thee here.

Thine too is light self-showing what
Cannot but be: whence springs
Love-truth's simplicity in thought,
Complexity in things.

Thence, spirit that lovest, 'tis thine to know—
Let sense of it leave thee never—
Here lives may come and lives may go,
What loves must live for ever:

For ever and ever and ever—
As long as love may be;
And that is what may not be never,
—What is essentially.

THOUGHT.

THOUGHT think not the thought-less above
Only as power to self-move;
As power 'tis for aye to love.
Motion all tends to cease to be:
Thought makes for love's eternity.

See how Earth's thought-less lives but cry
For things here now. Thought-lives all sigh
For there-for-ever:—such to die!
Thought's self cries unto all such: No!
To thoughtless death ye may not go.

Made long to love for-aye, believe,
Soul, thus art made for aye to live:
So did'st love's deathless word receive.
Therewith think—it is true love's thought—
Shall I e'er live and yet love not?

LOVE.

THAT whereby life with life e'er blends,
Whereunto truth through beauty tends,
Why being blooms and blooming ends
With doing all it could;

Wanting that solely wants to see,
Acting that wholly makes to be,
Rest that is all complacency
In another's good;

Thus what first moves to give not gain,
Yea, though the gifts bring nature pain,
And nature's self at last as fain
To give itself doth move:

That which the while wills feel they would
Feel always, feeling so they should
Always feel as all of above—
That is love.

LOVE'S TERM.

SHALL ear, while hearing sea-shell sigh,
Doubt if therein be air?
Shall eye ask, seeing land-birds fly
Southward, is land now there?

Shall heart, listening to thought-life's cry
For *love-for-aye,* not know
Here self-acts that which may not die,
There what attracts it so?

So be it—a devotion,
Word's way to spread abroad,
To love's self-terming notion
For thought of the living God.

As forms opposed to His truth recede,
Or forms in favour decay,
Every age has its thought-need:
And this is the need of to-day—

Thought of Him not as but Who first did
All of worth souls are seeing,
But also as loving Life, here now hid,
All moving as First Being.

UNI-VERSE.

THE World—the Whole here, All I feel
As whereof I am part—
Supreme! I see it self-reveal
All-other than Thou art.

To conscience Judge, Teacher to thought,
To will art Lord o'er all:
While it—that thing!—mind, is it not
Thine All-impersonal?

Nay, why think thereof as a whole
Subsisting to be said?
"The World" is but thought-term of soul
For all the beings made—

For all of all done by Who is the One
That cannot e'en be conceived
Not being, and so, though last to know,
Is first to be believed:

To believe *in* and to adore
As love's Self-sovereign One
Who, as the First, always All-o'er,
Perfects all union.

UNION.

Being's first note is unity,
  Union its last and best:
So what be-comes comes one to be,
  But union is its rest;
All-rest as best for one as one,
  At once all-end and mean,
What by each one is to be done
  As from the first hath been.

True, what for one is to be done
  Is its perfection gained:
But, what terms one's perfection
  Save its union attained?
Its unity is for each one
  First force for its first act,
Then must accomplished union
  Be one's full final fact.

Sense-seeing shows but separate
  Forms scattered throughout space;
Sense-hearing only can relate
  Succession's endless race;
Then, while, time's way, mind ponders on
  All known to have been done,
For self-thought's term first shows the One
  And then—love's Union.

SELF-UNION.

Self-union—will's, love's law of laws!
'Tis to act everywhere
In union with the Will e'er was,
The Will e'er must be there.

Yet, as the real reacts the true,
May each sense-acted one
Make love's ideal subject to
Some form of sense-passion.

Hence slaves of lust or pride or pelf
Die to sense of First Cause,
As to that of determining-self
'Neath Nature's determined laws.

Self-acting soul, e'er further strive
Than of sense to thee done:
So shalt thy finite self keep alive
To sense of the Infinite One.

Third Term.

SELF-REFLECTION.

Look at that lakelet caught
'Tween the rocks—how it mirrors the sky!
Self-shown truth of love's thought,
Dost mirror me thus the Most High?

There over all glows the Real
Here showing as bright abyss:
Abysmal love-lit Ideal!
Art showing me thus there is—

Who is as He ever and ever must be
And ever and ever hath been?
He—always He and only He—
Love-light, what else canst mean?

What else the spirit through poet's dreams
That singeth and shall as long
As youth may yearn and vision have gleams
Of life fit theme for song?

SELF-DETERMINATION.

Be what may self-thought's highest height
For what Life's term should be,
Man's for himself is serving Right
Freely and manfully.

Why then self-thinking now ask: Where
Should free self-agents bow?
Is Who was ere was then or there
Not acting here and now?

And here and now self-acts not He
As He hath ever done
Who as First is eternally
All-self-determined One?

Nay, soul, through thine own doing known
Own His forth-forming fact—
Whose righteousness is first self-shown
In every righteous act.

Nor may thy thinking avail more
  Than thought-wise to know here
Whom faithful free-wills thus adore,
  Whom faith taught first to fear:

To fear then love as the All-first
  Wholly in deed and truth,
Self-term of universal trust
  As love's own Absolute.

THE ABSOLUTE.

THE Absolute, the Absolute!
  So will o'er thought self-sings,
Forth-terming unto termless truth
  Mind's mystic yearnings.

Termless Life—Thought—Will that as now
  Wert ever and must be,
We may not self-know what art Thou
  —Who art Eternity!

Not e'en all known of Thee we may
  Think forth through self-thought's light,
Nor with space-time words even say
  All we may think aright.

At most now thought-wise may we know
  All told of Thee is true
Which set forth through love's terms self-show
  What to be, bear, and do.

REVELATION.

(St. John iv. 8.)

"He who loves not knows not God,
For God is Love"—most true!
Yet may one love and Him know not
The way that is His due
Who, through love's act, should be self-shown
As loving One above
All others, even love's way known,
As Being Who is Love.

Love Self-subsisting! Who love do
All truly to Thee tend,
But they only own Thee who
Live unto Thee as End:
Ay, and who live so most must sigh,
For, love's way, they best know
How unlike all Thou art, Most High,
Is all known here below.

Revelation.

O Sovereign Sense of all we trust,
  Believe or would have be!
I see, in that Thou art the First,
  Who would be just to Thee
Others must love and serve here, still
  Full often self-reprove
In that first went not his whole will
  Forth to Thee, living Love!

Fourth Term.

EPODION.

WHO ART—Whose word made mine echoing sing,
Thy spirit send forth with that faint echoing,
Self-singing within who shall list to my song
Till will, thought, and feeling so to Thee belong
That, wholly unheeding what shows there of me,
They hear self-revealing all there is of Thee,
And thence, through believing love, sing a true part
Of the song singing, living Love's self, that Thou art!

Re-Echoes.

SECOND SERIES.

Re-Echoes.

(Physicae.)

A Time-Thought Sequence.

PRELUDE.

AGAIN the vernal purple glow
  Upon the hills and gold
On gorse and grass have come to show
How sense-wise time's way man may know
  Love's truth through beauty told.
Thought, wholly sense-informed be now
Of what *now is*—spirit, be thou
The spirit of the mountain's brow,
  The spirit of the Spring.
Forth of self-thought—my muse, arise,
See flowery fields and sunny skies
And—hark, the birds! Life in me sighs
  To hear thee also sing.

From day to night, from night to day,
Hear Nature's universals play:
Then answer Song's thought-terming way
  Reason's self-questioning.
But sing in tune with what is played,
And, be what may then by thee said,
The world's word ever since 'twas made
  Shalt be re-echoing.

PHYSIS.

Going, going on and on—
Worked and working every one
On this earth beneath that sun!
What on earth is being done?

Sun-born earth e'er burning
For the hour of its returning!
Shall we grant it—Truth, dost want it?
Is earth going to the sun?

No, not whereto this world must go
Thought-life thereon first needs to know,
But what it is thus labouring so
For ever to have done.

As trees are seen to put forth leaves,
Thence flowers, whence fruit earth receives,
Mind instinctively believes
Earth's self bears final fruit:

For which it worked since it began,
Which being done terms all it can.
—And what may that be more that Man,
Time's term of all its truth?

ISIS.

On, on—universal sound
As of voices all around
Wording the world's order—on, on, on!
Therewith, soul, feel
Not self-acting alone,
Now that has learned to own
The Power o'er powers e'er acting here to uphold, help and heal.

Mark that music of the breeze,
That harmony of the trees
To Earth's primal melody—rippling laugh of mountain rill!
There, heart, thou hast thy choice,
Nature's universal voice
Self-wording love's truth. Therewith recreate thy weary will.

Watch the sport of those young birds
Through that close of golden furze,
Hear those singing to their chosen May's bridal
bowers among,
While far away on high
O'er all soaring to the sky
Yon lark as of love's ecstacy self-sings life's
mystic song.

ELEYSIS.

Out gushing, forth flowing;
  See how things strive!
Down rushing, on going:
  Do they arrive?
The rills reach the river,
That the ocean, all-giver:
So do all self-deliver
  Where all self-derive?

Watch those waves breaking
  Along the lagoon:
Were they not making
  There all for the moon?
Yet there are all broken!
Now, which is the token
Word of the unspoken
  Truth to be known soon?

Things somewhat seems driving
On further, more high,
To live and keep striving—
  All only to die!
Why mind what's to come of
What I thus see but some of,
Not what's to become of
  All come to be "I"?

PROCESSUS.

"On and on for ever"—
On, on—flowing river,
Flowing, flowing—on, sing on,
Self-teach me time-truth's life-lesson.

Self-determining time-termed soul,
Thy place keep in thy course's whole;
But there shalt find thy being's force,
The forward impulse of thy source.

Therewith going, still shalt rest;
Though last-least act as first and best;
Shalt share the fulness of thy past
And reach thy life's true end at last.

Mind! passion's breeze of lust or pelf
May seize then leave thee to thyself:
Left to thyself, pray what wert thou—
Puffed up part-thing of here and now?

What *art* thou when not with thine own?
As froth-fleck—that there just upthrown,
Shrivelling away on that sun-dried stone:
See it—self-lessening—going, gone!

PROCESSIO.

I.

WELL the Sage said—
Naught the First made
  Is ever to be
Annihilated
  Absolutely.
So creatures remain
  All as made be,
Or go back again
  To their prime potency.
Thus lives from the first
  That for self-act exist
As acting-selves must
  For ever subsist:
All others become,
  As of matter made-be,
Lapse back to the sum
  Of that made-potency.

II.

Thou, soul, as self-seeing,
  Seest art not thus done,
Art no matter-made thing,
  No earth-evolved one;
Art being from Self-being,
  So art bound to live on:
As from the First come,
  Thereto art to go
For thy self-formed doom
  Of weal or of woe,
To rest in love's home
  Or love no more to know.

III.

Then thy question is not—
  To be or not be:
It is—*what of thy lot*
  Through eternity?
To thee own that unknown,
  But hold fast to this:
Thou art one for the One
  Wherewith union is bliss;

Processio.

The One love as love's Own
  Makes known to thee *is*.
For, as truth of all song,
  There is—love to life sings—
For what natures all long
  In the nature of things!

PROGRESSUS.

Could not He whose it is to create,
To make be from being nought,
All made, should He will it, annihilate?
Yes, but He could will it not.

Wholly too good, too wise and too just
For that, saith the Sage, is He:
So is He too true to act as the First
Against what is naturally.

What, though the nature of each-made-thing
As *being* is its Maker's fact?
To act against that, as it *is* being,
Were acting against His act.

But act of His for all that *is*
As it *is* is reason sufficient:
For reason must be supremely His
Who is the First Efficient.

DE PROFUNDIS.

HIGHER and higher—wild bird, thought I—
Would as thou now dost I could fly
Free of thought singing through summer sky.

As though in aught person were less than thing,
Than flight through earth's air the soul's soaring,
Thought's self-word than wild bird's wing!

For thought is not thine, bird, thou art to be
Again all of earth-life's potency:
While life for aye love claims for me.

IN ALTIS.

LIGHT and shade and shadow's changes,
  Mystic modes of here and now
Passing o'er yon mountain ranges,
  Mine I feel and wonder how:
How your gladness—mountain glory!
  How your sadness—mountain gloom!
'Tis that here now my life's story
  Spells time's universal doom.

Yet, my life's mode is reflection
  When this truth of time is said;
Mine self-form of resurrection
  Formed of forms of the dead;
Mine thought's height for fancy's flight
  Here surpassing sight: not vain
Then my spirit's claim of right
  To life, light and love again.

Again, again—why, until then
  Thus to thought's Term but sigh?
Here now may reason heavenward rise.
  Sursum! my muse, shalt try—
Like soaring lark through sunny skies,
Self-freed of earth's ways—pure-thought wise
  Sing forth of the Most High
    As He is in excelsis!

EXCELSIOR.

Sursum! from all felt, seen, or heard
Through time's mystic accords:
Ascending thought's guide thought-truth's word—
Unto the Lord of lords!

"Scholastic!" they cry—well, why care
For sense-thought scientists' taunt?
Sursum! my soul, cast from me their
Anthropomorphic cant.

Sense-swamped souls! let them shout at thee
Out of their dark abyss—
Pure thought's way word forth all dost see:
So shalt word but what *is*.

"How worlds there roll"—there let them roll:
Why for their way so care?
Inform thee of the word of the Whole
Forth-forming everywhere.

Excelsior.

"One everywhere all-o'er"—on, on!
Heed not sense-science's cry:
Borne along on the wings of song—
On, on to thought's Most High!

"Higher than eye may see"—more, dare
Self-free of all forms of sense;
Not such self-shows thought's Truth up there:
Not such now calls thee hence.

"Spirit that spirit calls there must be"—
Right: then, recognising
All such as thou all-other than He,
Rejecting all keep rising.

"All-other than we must He be"—sing
How other than such as we,
In that He wholly made being
All ever there came to be.

"All space beyond, beyond time's All,
Eternal"—on! still learn
How, e'en though thou wert eternal,
Shouldst bow to One Eterne.

"Eternally there such as I
  Should worship One Supernal"—
Why? How could one e'er be more high
  Than other One-eternal?

"Eternal might be what ne'er may,
  Willed-world as world's decree"—
Then Higher were than world thus from aye,
  The Will that making-be.

"Will all-above e'er-making-be
Were Love"—there, that is He,
Who is Who is essentially—
  Excelsior excelsis!

IN EXCELSIS.

(*Apoc. xxi.*)

"The First and the Last."—
Time-thought's self-term — thoughts-terming
Thought!
Things—men—deeds disappear
From troubling consciousness, nor aught
Of speech-made mist shows when above
Mind's strife of words, Thou, Truth of love,
Self-smilest away fear.

Who art Love's Self! shall the day come
When wholly one with Thee
Father and mother, friends and home,
All self-thought treasured so before
Shall be? and—O the boundless more
Thou art to be to me!

Symphonies.

THIRD SERIES.

Symphonies.

(Metaphysicae.)

A Space-Thought Sequence.

PRELUDE.

Oh, the spirit of the hills!
How it lifts thought hence, then fills
Soul's depths with sense of Highest there for
faith, hope, love and awe:
Into life as life's light stealing,
Right's mystery self-revealing,
Eternal law of love—love of liberty and law!

Is it through sight of what was seen
So long before me, what has been
Just as it is for ages and for ages so shall be;
Becoming not, in naught undone;
Space-time's way telling of the One
Who as He e'er was wholly is—the same eternally?

Is it through sense of end attained,
Of summit reached, of having gained
Rest after free self-labour, life's delight of prize well won?
Is it the truth of thoughtless things
Here all so satisfied?—That brings
Repose to thought-tired soul as naught man ever said or sung.
But is that the explanation
Of this mystical elation,
Triumph, joy, thanks, adoration,
All that rushes on
My soul among
These peaks and seeks
Thus utterance in song?

AURA.*

SPACE'S sense-term! Ah, it is cold
  As gleams from face of night,
From the abyss that seems to hold
Those far-off, fixed, unchanging, old
  Self-forms of twinkling light.

Sense-sight's extreme art, starry night;
  As thine, mind, thought's self-seen;
Flowers, fields, trees, earth's warm sunlight,
Spirit of depth and mountain height—
    Word me the truth between
For thought of love's living All-mean
      Here and in excelsis!

* Conf. Chald. *Aur*, Heb. *Aor*, Irish, *Aêr*.

HERTHA.

Hertha—thou here now—Mother Earth,
  This life's mystic All-other!
Sense-self says how hast given us birth,
  How truly thou art Mother.

Flesh, blood and bone of me are thine;
  Thy valleys, hills and woods,
Streams, lakes, seas and sweet breath are mine;
  And mine thy many moods.

Not mine thy word then to despise
  Here now through spirit's pride,
Nor mine to fear to energize
  The way that word would guide.

Whose love made leaves me in thy arms
  His will here still to do,
So will I, spite of Time's alarms,
  Thy word's way trust me to—
    As to His in excelsis.

COSMOS.

His World—His word-willed—glorious All!
  Deed self-done of the Lord:
His whole world there—how can I call
  That less than His willed-word?

Well may that All be all it should
  Whose ways are the First's laws,
All-ordered one and true and good
  As caused of the First Cause.

"Cosmos" in truth as caused by Love,
  That world must wholly laud
As the All-good the All-above,
  So tell the glory of God.

But what they *are* things thus self-show,
  Then, mind, 'tis thine to say:
How glorious must be Who we know
  Hath made be such as they
    And all there—in excelsis!

TIR NA N-OGE.

STARRY World of worlds of light!
What are they all but of the night
By unseen Power points made bright?
What round them shows? What is behind?
What above them, mind, shalt find
For thought's truth, as for sense-sight
But the dark?—What means the dark?
May not that to sense now mark
Space's term of sight, the Mean
Whence the Light of lights were seen?
May there then not be but one
Wholly universal Sun—
Light of the Empyrean Dome,
Changeless glory of man's home
For life's nightless day to come?
Stay thee there, sense-thought tired soul!
—Knowest of a living sun?
Knowest a self-acting whole
And Whose will is being done
From life through light to union
Therein as in excelsis?

COELI.

"THE heavens are telling"—all day long these
skies
That glory told, yet did the light in my eyes
Proclaim there all o'er me but Dome of dark
blue
Lit up by Earth's day-star: the while I well
knew
Was there self-revealing that world-wide view!
Why felt I not then what now makes my life
sigh
For sight of Light's living Self, for the Most
High?
Gloria in excelsis!

Were sense-sight once freed from those fumes
of Earth's fire,
Did this life's lurid light from my vision retire
Yet leave me here seeing, with these very eyes
Up-looking as now at yon star-spangled skies,

Would all that not show as some sapphire-gemmed screen
With the light my life seeks the gems glowing between—
Then should I be seeing hence all to be seen?
Gloria in excelsis!

Glory of glories, sense-manifestation
Of the Creator's act in His Creation!
'Twere light to the eye, music's self to the ear,
Self-perfume, self-sweetness, each sense's most dear.
Then were sense self-fulfilled of its life's destiny.
Still the more would love's spirit cry: My end is He
Whereof all that at best but tells the glory.
Gloria in excelsis Deo—'Elion!

ELION.

Sing out, heart, what art thinking,
  Self-whispering mystic words
While gladdened life keeps drinking
  Light, perfume, song of birds.

She loved them, Oh! she loved them—
  "His faithful little birds,
While we so much above them"—
  Oh, my mother's words!

Thus at life's best and brightest
  They well up in my soul
For heart-hymns to the Highest,
  For true thoughts of the Whole.

What were they—say, ye sages—
  Man's own, or such as must
Re-echo down the ages
  As self-taught of the First?

Be what they may as terms of thought,
Love's way they word the One
Who as First wills e'er all that ought
Here everywhere be done—
El' Elion!

ELOI.

"Eloi, Eloi"—wail of the night,
  What space through time self-sings—
"Here first the First, the Light, made light:
  Dark came of made-beings!"
Yet, may not life's self-acting parts
  Ope to the Light all o'er?
Ay, and, alas! here self-closed hearts
  Keep dark for evermore.

Still, as love must be, must be light;
  So is essential Day:
But there is no essential Night,
  Nor may dark be from aye;
Nor may from aye be aught of sin,
  Death, pain, shame, hate, or strife:
Nay, naught can there from aye have been
  But love's own light and life.

Hence be the First known as Life-source
  Whence all of worth first came;
Then as Light's own forth-forming Force
  Whose is the Verb for name;
Then Love made-lives all-over,
  Before, beyond, behind—
What more wouldst thou discover?
  Adore thy Sovereign, mind:
    Eloi—El'oi!

ELOHE.

As the One all-uncaused adore,
  Space-thought's Self-term of seeing:
More beings own, but never more
  Of worth to know as Being.

So serve Him not but as Who doth give
  Being's first gift *to be*
Or even as living e'er loving to live,
  But as of Himself is He—

The First and, as First, the Truest and Best,
  Be ever what others there may;
Whom but to serve were rapture and rest,
  Right act and reward for aye—
    El'ohé!

ELOAH.

(*Genesis xv. 1.*)

"THY reward exceeding great—"
Yes, *good* is the term-thought of childhood,
As *beauty* is that of youth,
While for sense-sated men-cheated manhood
Thought's term of terms is *truth:*
But Truth and Beauty and Sovereign Good
As First is the Absolute.
This they only feel who feeling life's thirst
For what is best, highest and most,
Have thought till they see such must be that First
To lose Whom were to be lost.

Harmonies.

FOURTH SERIES.

Harmonies.

(Ethicae.)

A Cosmic-Thought Sequence.

PRELUDE.

Voice of the day in the night,
Word through the dark of the light,
Sound down the depths from the height—
    Self-word of sky to sea!
What is it, oh, what is it,
That utterance of the spirit
Of the secret of all in it—
    The World's word-mystery?
In and out, come and go,
Rise and fall and ebb and flow
Here and there and to and fro—
    All rhythmic harmony!

SPIRITUS.

All-word of being about me—breath—breeze
Of the sea, of the sky, of the hills, streams, trees—
Spirit-word of this world, wert only of these?
Earth's spirit—what is it but breath of a day
That is dying: of being that yearning to stay
Here sighs as self-feeling all passing away?
Thought's spirit—my spirit, life's æolian lyre,
Truth-attuned are thy chords. There—let it inspire!
Let it breathe its own word-way of faith, hope, desire—
All-o'er thee, all through—do but not interfere:
Shalt tell forth the truth of all to be done here.

SPIRANS.

How do I know—what now raised my hair,
  Touched my brow? What I hear blow!
Ay, and that they would say is the Air;
  But—how do I know?

How do I know what is what they call Air;
  Whence, how or why it moves so
And sighs as it passes me by as though there
  Were One I ought know?

I know this all-sense but as word to my soul
  Of all to love means Long Ago,
Here making me think of Always and the
    Whole
  And—how do I know?

RESPIRANS.

Breathing—as of a mother's breast,
Methinks, life thus draws utterest
  Fulness of force, of food
For here and now from what is there
Always the same and everywhere
  Self-forming for my good.

What art thou, Presence that I feel
Thus at Time's brightest self-reveal?
  Highest here oft dost seem,
And mayest in some sense be so:
But, gentle Presence, well I know
  Thou art not the Supreme.

SUSPIRIA.

Be that thou mayest here, fair Creature
Men name Nature, 'tis well for thee,
Again comes spring re-forming each feature,
But, oh, there comes no spring for me.
For thee as for me there is no remaining,
Yet what thou wert thou art again,
While I—ah, how can I help complaining,
Though I know the plaint all vain?

No, reason, no, 'tis no use replying—
"Life lost is the cost of life grown more."
I do, I do, there is no denying,
Long to be what I was before:
Again her child in the arms of mother,
His little son on father's knee,
Again a boy playing with my brother,
Again, again—ah me, ah me!

Sense-dulled soul, cease thy repining.
  Rouse thee, spirit, look up, see,
There is the Real-Ideal shining:
  That Was—That Is—That Is to be!
Therewith thou *art,* child, with thy mother,
  His little son on father's knee;
Still a boy playing with thy brother:
Art One with One who is what no other
  Was or could ever be to thee.

*
*

ASPIRANS.

I WOKE once more to sorrow's strain;
To the yearning, worse than pain,
  For what had ceased to be.
Faith whispered: Ye shall meet some day.
Then reason: Yet they never may
  Be what they were to thee.

Vain stress of soul—sense cried—as vain
To court unconsciousness again:
  Come, up and out! we may
Yet realize life's old delight
Before the death-throes of the night,
  The dawning of the day.

I rose. All round me sighed: 'Tis night!
Then, as through wrong comes sense of right,
  Truth's thought came: Day is there,
Look to where ought self-show the bright!
I looked and saw the new day's light
  Purpling the eastern air.

PASSING.

Down, down sinks the sun: my soul
  Again knows the woe of the fear
Of its share in the way of the whole
  Self-known of it now and here.

Abyss calleth unto abyss
  While sense-soothing torrents pour in:
Woe, woe! as this and as this
  E'er passeth what thus did begin.

Thus it is ever and never but when
  Here being shows at its best:
Self-sickens life thinking of "never again"
  And then can but cry for rest—

For rest from this constant come and go,
  Loving and loved for a day,
Being and doing well only to know
  The sorrow of passing away.

AWAY.

I.

Away! word of the river flowing,
Flowing, flowing away—
Away! word of the green grass growing
To winter's withered hay—
Away! word of the blossoms blowing,
Blowing, blowing—like yon glowing
Hues of dying day;
To the eye while brighter showing,
On the heart death's shadow throwing,
Self-telling of decay:
Here everything sighs—going,
Going, going away—
Away, away!
Ay, beating heart, beyond our knowing,
We too are going away.

II.

Away, away! The world wide,
Look where'er we may,
What whereof love is satisfied
E'en promises to stay?
There beauty's bloom, there manhood's pride
See fading by life's flowing tide—
All, all as here to-day!
Soul, while loved lives thus past thee glide,
While love's self withers by thy side,
Time's truth re-echoing say,
As saints and sages e'er have cried:
Here all is going away—
Away, away!
As life's first loved when dearest died,
All, all is going away.

III.

Here, after all, sure life is flowing
On its appointed way:
Things duties of their God's endowing
But do as they decay.

Away.

My God! me, too, keep to Thy showing;
The longer I live riper growing
Unto Thy mowing day;
With business of Thy bestowing
Busy as summer blossoms blowing;
Hearing Thy voice e'er say
Within my breast: No rest, no rest—
Work while going away,
Away for aye!
Then let me rest, Eternal Best,
With Thee when gone away.

FOR AYE.

STARS—silent sentinels e'er staying
At heaven's gates, I mind the saying
Your light words for time's hope and praying.

"Patience"—that constant light doth say—
"He wills well who wills every way
All willed from and all willed for aye."

Space-time's informed soul, self-attune
To that truth's universal rune:
That world-word of this night of June.

To manhood's term—on, forth of youth,
As life from leaf through flower to fruit,
All unto good through beauty's truth!

So shall thy course be in accord
With Nature's universal word
Only of souls self-silenced heard
As for all and for aye.

THE WAY.

How should here way for all show right,
Save seen as line of living light
    Left in the wake of love,
Self-showing where His will's way is
Whose will alone may, known as His,
    Forth wholly of self move?
    Yet hold not right the good
But of one's own—of family,
Of kindred or of dear country
    Or racial brotherhood.
    No matter how men call
Their fond part-aims, wrong were to tend
Life's whole way here save unto end
    Willed as the weal of all.

THE END.

(*St. John xvii. 23.*)

"THAT all may be one"—
Communion, communion!
  There, Nature, I found
All thy symbols self-teach.
  On! round me, all round
Be it symbolled of each
  Sweet scent, sight, and sound.
Life's glory keep showing,
  Light's beauty, love's power
From morn's first glowing
  To day's dying hour.
Then my spirit shall hear
  Through the gloaming the word
Tongue of Flesh to Earth's ear
  May not tell of my Lord.
Then its truth shall tell
  Starry songs sparkling all-o'er me,
Betimes as well
  Mystical moonlight before me:

The End.

Tell of all in act one
With the One that is He
Whose will to be done
Means all is to be.
O, summit of seeing!
Self-acting to see
Self in act with Self-being
As self-act the free—
'Tis life's last revealing,
'Tis reason's full meaning
For love's mystery.

Harmonics.

FIFTH SERIES.

Harmonics.

Thought's Self-Sequence.

PRELUDE.

O'er self-thought's terms, harmonic-wise,
Reverberating truth
As thought's self to self-thought replies
Naming the Absolute.

His word's way thus, faith-informed thought,
May song of His name be thine;
For it, from words the ages have wrought
The choicest to choose be mine.

Full oft an old word thought-out will afford
More truth than the reading of pages;
For, what is man's treasured thought-terming word
But the crystallized wisdom of ages?

Long silent hath lain in thee lore of the past
Thus worded the way its first speech is;
Now, knowing there wisdom's own teaching thou hast
Self-sing thee each lesson it teaches.

But let it well-up through life's blood-beat
To reason's rhythm and rhyme,
So measure and weight of things repeat
In terms of space and time—

Terms whose harmonics tell the truth
That is the mystery
Of all man of the Absolute
May know and do and be!

"I AM."

(Genesis xvii. 1.)

Absolute self-truth of *being!*
That alone mind brings
Harmony of thought agreeing
To melody of things.

Things need not, but *being* must be:
Lo, fact's first abstract truth!
For that there need be One only,
Only the Absolute:

As Absolute in act, The Right;
All-knowing as Self-known;
Self-known as Self-subsisting Might:
Love's own essential One.

There must be One that there must be—
Oh, how that truth self-sings!
One is Who is essentially:
The Creator of things.

"WHO AM."

(*Exod. iii.* 14.)

WHO art WHO ART—Essential Now!
As Being's self—Self-being, Thou
Art Being-wholly—Purest Act,
Nor made be nor of any fact
Made move or self-act, but art Cause
Whence all else possible e'er was:
So art the One there that cannot
Be thought away—Subsisting Thought!
Whose way is life, Whose word is truth,
Whose act-term Love: Sole Absolute
Source, Centre, Term of act and rest—
    Unutterable Utterest!
All words of worth word thoughts of Thee
    Who art All is essentially!

HE.

"He is He and only He
Who is All-is-essentially"—
So—silence, self-word of all ought
Be as it is, mother of thought
And hope and love and awe's all-sense,
Soul-song compelling—sweet silence!
Sounds passing tell of past and part:
Word of the whole, word of the heart,
Word of the One always thou art—
Word of the way extremes between,
Word of the truth—word of the mean!
As yon deep blue is to sense-sight
Space-wording universal Light,
Silence, dost say: Eternal Right
Rules through the years, all day and night.

Sounds but as time's clouds come and go:
Thou, silence, to souls that self-know
Art as thought's truth is, as night's sky
Self-telling of Day may not die,
Self-antiphon to the Most High
Who is the Will there that is He
    Who wills all well is essentially.

WHO IS.

All-sparkling face of midnight sky,
  Like sea 'neath morning sun,
Art bright now to my spirit's eye
  But with the light of One.

Sing, starry sky; sing, starlit sea;
  Sing, love-light in my breast—
O infinite self-mystery,
  Eternal life—light—rest!

Glory of Earth—of land, sea, sky:
  Morning, noon, starry night!
Dost show forth truth of the Most High:
  Not as self-shows love's light.

No, space-time moods of calms and storms,
  I marvel not the less
For knowing ye thus less than forms
  Of mine own consciousness.

Sense shows Ye, consciousness shows Me,
  Conscience knows of One more—
More than man as here now may see,
  But e'er must bow before.

THERE.

THERE—earth, sun, moon, each planet, each
star!
What are ye but things made-be as ye are?
Beings kept being, ye need ne'er be:
My being seeks Being-essentially.
Things—tell me not of their totality:
All things there—were ye utterly gone,
Still *being* I see should be the One
Who is "He Who Is"—Oh, I hear, starry All,
From thee unto me as 'twere deep to deep call:
Infinite, Infinite—He is He
Who made us be!

All Hallowmas.

Thought-Terming.

L. of C.

SIXTH SERIES.

Thought-Terming.

PRELUDE.

"He made us be,
Not ourselves we"—
Yes, stars, that is time's melody,
So sing ye ever as ye shine:
The Might that made us was Divine!
But, soul, be thine the harmony
Of circling space—He *makes* us be
And rightly act and truly see,
WHO IS in excelsis:
Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna in excelsis!

Sing, proclaiming everywhere
The First's self self-revealing there
As the All-Mighty making be
The World—the Whole in part we see
As all that here whereof are we
And all there is which is not He—
WHO IS in excelsis:
Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna in excelsis!

Hosanna to the Living One
Whereto alone may naught be done,
Who as First Self must e'er Self-be:
As Life living-essentially,
As Truth that ne'er in aught became,
As Good eternally the Same—
WHO IS in excelsis:
Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna in excelsis!

EX CELSIS.

Moonlight on the ocean!
  Muse, say what may mean
This sweet sad emotion:
  Marks mind more than there seen?
Is it knowing old and drear
  What shows so fresh and fair?
Is it knowing, though not here,
  Self-brightness shows somewhere?

Somewhere must be the sight
  Of the glory and the power—
Of the spirit of delight
  Thought thrills through this sweet hour.
'Tis day to day revealing
  The light to light within
—Ah, cloud all-concealing,
  Sense of all-darkening sin!

'Tis night to night appealing
For sense of love's Unseen,
What shows to what knows for feeling
Unto what ought have been.
Heart, heart, rest in the thought
Of Earth's all-saving One,
Of all through His life here was wrought
And all by His death done:
Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison!

BENEDICTUS.

Be whence they may—those forms that fade,
  Sense-clothing such as thou—
Soul, own thy Maker the Unmade,
  As Thereof made-think now.

Thence thinking forth to love's known whole,
  Its truth thus self-rehearse:
My brother is each thinking soul
  My home the Universe.

Feel first for those here owned of thee:
  Think of the woes of all,
Think of the throes of agony
  Through yonder hospital.

Think of the want, pain, grief and care
  Unknown of such as thou:
Think—dear God—to think that there
  Are men man-slaying now!

Man, the race, the people—Lord!
  What shall their woes assuage?
"The people"—hear that echoing word
  All down the coming age.

But banded men—they say—may brave
  A man of might. But then,
Who shall poor man—who mankind save
  From might of banded men?

Who spite of combinations
  'Gainst justice, honor, truth,
Shall right the wrongs of nations?
  —Who but Love Absolute?

And what thereof: work, word or way
  Man felt or heard or saw?
What but the might—self-right for aye—
  Of Love-Incarnate's Law?

QUI VENIT.

(*St. John i. 11.*)

"He came unto His own
  And His own received him not"—
Yes, even of the known as true
  Men own but what they will.
Then may they who so choose to do,
Its saving mean sund'ring in two,
  Life's self corrupt until,
Reason's self-unity all gone,
Truth there shall find no living one
  With love's all-word to fill.

Then energize life's parts apart,
  Each 'gainst each and the whole,
While here proud head and there vain heart
From love's last lingering conscience-smart
  Distract the corrupt soul:
  Compelling it to hear
But passion's sighs or cries of strife,
Lust of the flesh or pride of life,
  The hunger-hate or fear.

Soon must such soul death's dark way live,
  Then dread the living Light;
Then, what thereof it ought receive
Well knowing, try not to believe,
  Striving 'gainst reason's right:
For when naught shows to be adored,
When life no longer knows love's word,
  'Tis hopeless horror's night.

NOMINE DOMINI.

Life o'er my life! what here now feels,
  Thinks, wills, self-knows as "I"
Ever for Thee there self-appeals
As Power that lifts, helps and heals,
  All Holy and Most High.
Thanks that self-knowing thus I sigh
  To Thee as still for me—
Ah me! this living force made "I"
E'er makes for self. Lord, let it die
  To such part-life—naught be
Thus to self more nor aught believe
Worth living for than to receive
That whereby it may truly live
  Thy law through unto Thee.

Christmas Term.

Allel.

SEVENTH SERIES.

Allel.

PRELUDE.

(*Ps. cxxxiv.*)

"Sing to His name for it is sweet"—
  Ay, it were just and meet:
Sweet is His name to heart and soul,
  Most sweet to weary mind
Or as Creator of the Whole
  Or Saviour of mankind,
But, oh, to think, to feel that He
Is as he here now deigns to be
The Way—the Truth—the Life! What word
Of Earth through sense-life's listening heard

May suit that thought? No word of thine,
Nature, may be thus meetly mine:
Nought I may comprehend.
Lord, hymn through me Thyself to Thee
Who art my Source and End
And Mean as well: Immanu'el—
Allelu'ia!

MATINS.

Ope, gates of praise—forth, holy morn!
Lo, light shown as of Light's self born:
Rosy, tender, love-light—see
The Mystery's self-mystery—
Forth-forming First! Naught may mean
Aught thus sense-wise felt or seen
As true or pure or bright
But that from the First hath been
Pledged promise of His light
Wherewith love's work here to begin:
Allelu'ia—El'ohim!*

LAUDS.

Allelu'ia—dawning day!
All shows in the glow of thy rosy ray
Becoming as all should—
Forth-forming the eternal way
As one and true and good;

* For thought-sequence of these Divine names, see Appendix.

Conforming to thought's form self-shown
As all there is to be,
Trine term that is perfection's own—
Love, law, and liberty
To grow more like all that is He
Who is All is-essentially:
Allelu'ia—Je'hovah!

PRIME.

Allelu'ia—rising sun!
His act proclaim subject to none;
Not as of less evolving more—
Senseless imagination—
But, as behoveth the All-o'er,
Or creating of naught before
Or acting forth Creation
Through what 'twas made potentially
Love's way to be more than need be,
To do more than e'er need be done
As meet mode of the Highest One:
Allelu'ia—El'Elion!

TERCE.

Allelu'ia—morning breeze!
My spirit hears your harmonies
As space-time's for life's melodies.
On! birds, lambs bleating, lowing kine:
Your life-word's service-song be mine.
On! winged voices of the spring,
Here humming, buzzing, chirping—
On! tiny trumpets of the air,
Scarce seen, scarce heard, still everywhere
At the gates of silence, be
Mine too your lives' self-symphony
All day long to the living One
Whose word here through your living done
Tells how the Lord of life is He:
Allelu'ia—Adon'ai!

SEXT.

Allelu'ia—brightest, best
Hour of the hours, dost self-attest
His will's way as all-mean and rest.
Here breathing balm of summer-bloom,
There sleeping ocean's tidal boom,

Self-hushing buzz of busy bees,
Infinite whisper through the trees—
Thine own lullaby love-song, breeze:
Ceasing, ceasing, all so soon,
Sights, scents and sounds of sunny noon!
On, on—sing, all that come and go
And rise and fall and ebb and flow—
All-glory to the One ye show
Forth moving all as Who doth see
From and unto eternity:
Allelu'ia—El Ro'i!

NONE.

Allelu'ia—silent eve!
Harmonize what I believe
With all self-thinking makes me know,
With all earth's love-formed tendings show:
As fading but to readorn,
As dying but to be reborn,
As melting eve for dewy morn.
No, Nature, thy most tuneful thing
May never to man's spirit bring
The all-hopeful, hymnful sense
Of thine own satisfied silence.

Prelude.

Things sounding all of change self-tell,
Thy silence says: For all, 'tis well;
All in the power of One we dwell
Whose is all-power, but Love is He:
Allelu'ia—El Shadd'ai!

VESPERS.

Allelu'ia—holy night!
His way self-hymn as wholly right
Who here through ways we may not see
Now acts forth all in harmony
With what was from the first to be;
So silently, all silently. . . .
Allelu'ia—all is well—
Ha'el Beth'el Immanu'el:
The One eternally the Same—
Glory forever to His name:
Allelu'ia—El'Olám!

COMPLIN.

Allelu'ia—Sion's song,
Word of the World—on, on, on!
All space-time's way forth made to move
From life through light to ends of love,
The Good proclaim the All-above;

The Right, the Might that ne'er may fail;
The First, the One that must prevail:
Allelu'ia, Allelu'ia!—
Roll on, roll on, revolving spheres,
Your rhythm's hymn my being hears;
On, come and go, all-rhythmic ocean;
On, heart, life's blood flow—mystic motion,
Motion, motion—trine pulsation!
'Tis the concert of Creation:
Allelu'ia, Allelu'ia,
Allelu'ia—Ie'sua!

Easter Term.

PARACLITO.

Veni Sancte Spiritus
Et emitte coelitus
Lucis Tuae radium—
Come, Light of life—O living Fire!
Light up my life, my soul inspire
To sing aright Thy name's truth. Come—
Veni Pater pauperum,
Veni Dator munerum,
Veni Lumen cordium!

Spirit of soul's song, deign now be
As in that moment's ecstasy,
Young life's first flush of minstrelsy.
I felt thou wert indeed to me—
Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium!

Tired of labouring through Earth's night,
Failing of strength, failing of sight,
O life's sole all-informing Light!
I cry to Thee, Eternal Right—
    In labore requies,
    In aestu temperies,
    In fletu solatium!
Come: be my spirit's word now wrought
Wholly of Thine through sense and thought,
Spirit of life and love and truth,
Spirit Who art the Absolute—
    O Lux beatissima,
    Reple cordis intima
    Tuorum fidelium!
As Thine thus make me think and feel!
Word me right words then to reveal
The fullness of the mystic call
Of all to each, of each to all—
        Al'le'lu'ia!

Pentecost.

TRISAGION.

"Holy, Holy, Holy"—
Sweet melody, full harmony!
I hear ye telling of the Three
Who are the One All-holy—He,
Source of right endeavour,
Who lives—knows—loves essentially,
Self-singing through eternity,
Self-harmonising melody,
Life—Light—Love for ever.

O Type of thought's analysis,
O Living Melody!
All-reason of truth's synthesis,
Eternal Harmony!
The music from mind's myriad strings
That at emotion's moment springs
To swell the song man's spirit sings,
Triune, but tells of Thee.

Of Thee—Thee—Thee self-sings all this
Life's song of power, beauty, bliss—
Thought's self-terming synthesis!
I see, Lord, laws all-o'er,
Thy order ordering all here *is*,
Revealing more and more
Of Thine eternal triune truth:
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth!

Holy Trinity.

SABAOTH.

SABAOTH—saba'oth, powers of heaven!
Beings whose being as being self-given
Of the First with the First's brightness is bright,
Suns of Creation, children of Light!
Sons of God, sons of God, stars of the morning!
Worlds that the Light of the World is adorning!
My spirit feels in it a spark of the fire
That glows in your glory, inflames your desire.
My spirit!—God, is it not all but of Thee?
Not as drop from a fountain or fruit from a tree,
Or rock out of mountain, or of aught made made-be:

But didst speak and 'twas there, self-done of
Thy word
With the light of Thy face set on it—O Lord!
Through the light of that light this spirit
thinks "I",
Thence thinking forth knows Thee and know-
ing doth sigh
As it sighs for Thee solely, All Holy, Most
High—
End as Self-source of spirit-life, Who art the
Truth
To wills as to worlds for aye Absolute—
El'ohé Saba'oth!

Revision.

ALLEL SABAOTH.

All Hallows Hymn.

I.

ANGELS.

Hail All Holy, Holy, Holy—
O Eternal Sovereign Trine!

ARCHANGELS.

First, Best, Greatest, Thou art solely
Life All-holy—All Divine!

THRONES.

Boundless, by Whose will all here is,
Wills and worlds to sing combine:

(TOGETHER.)

Glory, honor, power e'er is
Wholly, wholly, wholly Thine!

II.

DOMINATIONS.

Lord, Right's Sovereign Self, we name Thee—
O Most Holy Trinity!

PRINCIPALITIES.

Light of lights, still we proclaim Thee—
Infinite Might's Mystery!

POWERS.

But for love's own adoration
Shown enough we sing to Thee:

Allel Sabaoth.

(TOGETHER.)

Lord—Lord—Lord of all Creation,
Lord Our God eternally!

III.

VIRTUES.

God All-mighty—Unbeginning
Might here each beginning shows!

CHERUBIM.

E'er through ways of wisdom bringing
All that of Thy bounty flows!

SERAPHIM.

Father, Teacher, Lover—living
Life, Light, Love that no bound knows:

(TOGETHER.)

God—O Good! all good first giving,
To Thee all else all e'er owes.

FINALE.

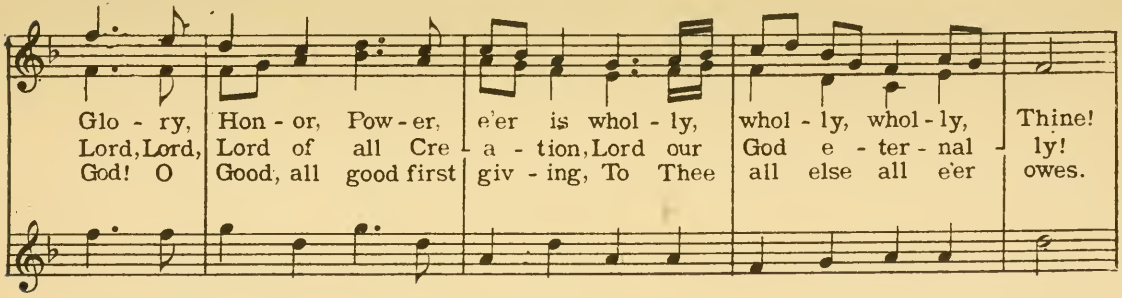
ALL SAINTS.

Hail All Holy, Holy, Holy
  Lord of lords, Self-Sovereign Trine!
Glory, honor, praise be solely
  Wholly, wholly, wholly Thine!
Wholly Thine—Thine—Thine:
  Father, Son, and Spirit—Thine!
AMEN.

Trinity Term.

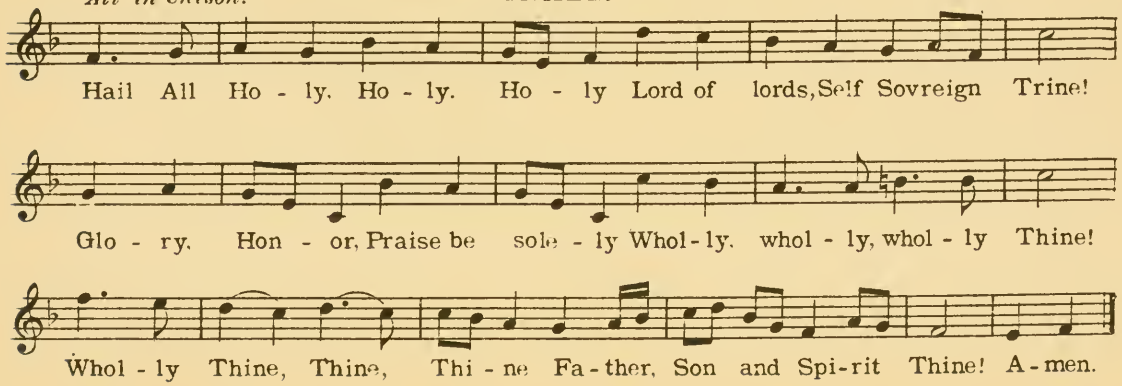
Note.—From the old English word "hallow," to sanctify or make holy. "All Hallows" primarily means all the sanctified or made-holy as distinguished from the absolutely Holy, hence All-holy One. "All-Hallows Hymn" is thus synonymous with the "Song of the Sons of God" in the sense of the divine saying,—"When the morning stars all together praised me and the Sons of God all sang for joy." In the sense, too, it may be noted that the Hebrew title, *Allel Sabaoth*, taken as meaning "Praise-service of the heavenly hosts," is virtually the same as "All Hallows Hymn." Then it may be added that while Creation's Paschal Acclaim—Allelu'ia! as saying "All hail to Him Who Is!" says in effect "Proclaim The Ab-solute (*Ia*), The All-holy One!" All Hallow's Hymn—*The Trisagion*—is in effect that pro-clamation.

Three Voices Together.



All in Unison.

FINALE.

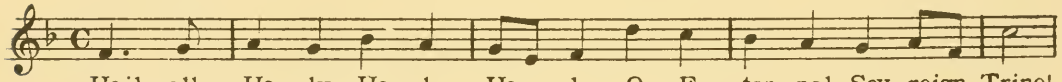


ALL HALLOWS HYMN.

"(1) *Holy, Holy, Holy* (2) *Lord* (3) *God Almighty*
Who was and Who is and Who is to come." Apoc IV.

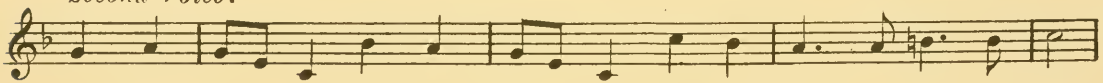
HAYDN.

First Voice:



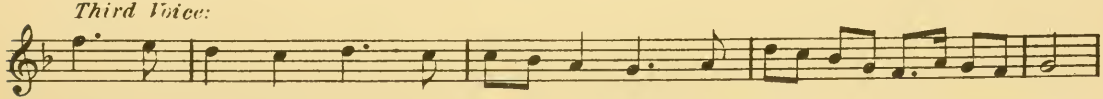
Hail all Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly O E - ter - nal Sov - reign Trine!
Lord, Right's Sovreign Self, we name Thee O Most Ho - ly Tri - ni - ty!
God All - migh - ty Un - be - gin - ning, Might here each be - gin - ning shows!

Second Voice.



First. Best. Great - est, Thou art Sole - ly Life All - ho - ly, All - Di - vine!
Light of lights, still we pro - claim Thee In - fi - nite Might's Mys - te - ry!
E'er through ways of wis - dom bring - ing All that of Thy boun - ty flows!

Third Voice:



Bound - less! by Whose will all here is, Wills and worlds to sing com - bine:
But for love's own a - do - ra - tion Shown e - nough we sing to Thee:
Fa - ther, Teach - er, Lo - ver, Liv - ing Life, Light, Love that no bound knows:

AMEN.

"A'MEN, A'men"—true life's refrain
To truth self-told in every place,
  Right's universal rhyme,
Love's last harmonic note through space
  To melody of time—
    Amen, Amen!

Amen, Amen—not as we would,
But as wouldst Thou, Eternal Good—
God! Father, Friend, King, Country, Home:
  All-hallowed Thy name be, Holiest One,
And, as it is writ, Thy Kingdom come!
  Here, as on high, Thy will be done—
    Amen, Amen!

Amen, Amen—to that word while true,
Good wills here, rouse the right who will do

'Gainst those who would let wrong stay:
The good Old leaves when cometh the New,
The bad must be driven away—
Amen, Amen!

Closing Era.

CONCLUSION.

Away!—men who would man enthrall:
Right owns no right 'gainst the good of all.
Come, rights of man! Right of the High
And Holy—no, thou shalt not die
Out of man's heart here, right-divine,
All-righting right for me and mine!
Derided yet—yes, and I see,
Ah me! still worse is yet to be.
Well, let it be—Amen! Amen,
As it is so to be. But then,
No matter how, no matter when,
What should shall be, as sure as Truth
Is He Who is The Absolute
And He is Love: Allelu'ia—
A'men!

New Era.

LOGIA.

(*Prov. viii. 30.*)

"PLAYING before Him
  Through all time"—
Every soul self-silenced hears
  That mystery behind
The mystic music of the spheres,
  The music of the mind.
Then may each, song-wise, word the way
Thought its harmonics move;
Self-wording what to souls they say
  For faith and hope and love;
Declaring how to all the true
Through goodness, greatness, beauty too,
  Reveals the All-above:
  Then tells each spirit its own
Of what the abyss calls to the abyss,
From dying act's woe to living act's bliss,
Proclaiming all there for aye as it is
  And being so is to be known.
Nor may the telling be man's alone.

Logia.

Only man's word!—that which thought brings
Self-echoes of all the truths of things
  That first and last combine—
The poet's word! 'Tis the World's, and gives
The sound of all sounds here wherein lives
  The resonance divine
Revealing thought's last treasure,
The truth that is all pleasure;
Of weight of things and measure
  Making rhythm, making rhyme—
Sound and sense's sovereign grace
  For harmonies of space
  To melodies of time.

APOLOGIA.

"Shows thus the work of a whole year?"—
Nay, friend, no forms of work show here:
  Only soul-solacings.
I sang as men at work will sing,
As birds at time of nest-building,
As Nature everywhere through Spring
  Labour lightening sings.
I only claimed the poet's word
As who space-time thought's echoes heard
Through his own spirit self-averred
  As of Eternity:
So sang, as of its life's accord
To Time's truth sings Spring's gladdened bird,
  Or sounds the breeze-swept tree.

ENVOI.

"Good-bye"—so say
But that we may
  Yet all meet when
One home is known
  For all good men,
All Hallows' own
  On high:
If not till then,
'Till then again--
  Good-bye!

  Good-bye—
Thrice-blessed word!
  But let it be
Willed as first meant:
  From you for me
Sent as it went
  From me for you—

Ad Deum, dear friends,
As a prayer ascends—
Ad'dio, A'dieu!
Ce qui n'est qu'un Bon-Soir,
A tantôt, au revoir
Dans les cieux:
Ainsi soit-il—
Amen!

Appendix.

The following pages give little more than the substance of an article contributed to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for July, 1900. They are put here as practically presenting a series of notes on the foregoing lyrical sequence.

APPENDIX.

ALLELUIA'S THOUGHT SEQUENCE.

I. First, as to the word's proper transcription: In an article contributed to the *American Ecclesiastical Review* (June, 1899), I gave my reasons for retaining the traditional mode of transcribing it here adopted. Besides referring to various liturgical, theological, philological and even purely literary considerations in its favour, I showed that this traditional form is really the only proper transcription for purposes of English literature, having regard to the characters we use and the way we pronounce them. In this connection I quoted a remark made by a writer in the Imperial Dictionary to the effect that the word is "improperly written with *j* in conformity

with the German and other continental languages in which *j* has the sound of *y*. But to pronounce it with the English sound of *j* destroys its beauty." The writer, I noted, then observes that a like mistake touching the sound of the first letter in Jehovah has perverted the true pronunciation, which was Yehovah. That, he very properly allows, must now be submitted to. But, he adds, in regard to the present word, the perversion "ought not to be tolerated." To which I would here add: the "perversion" ought not to be tolerated merely because of destroying the word's beauty, but also, and for a reason of much greater consequence, because of destroying the spiritual significance of the word's thought-term or determining affix. It destroys the effective representation which that affix in the original Hebrew gives of its meaning: its representation of the idea of Absolute Existence or Independent Being, of an Individual wholly free from the determining act of another. That sovereign thought of "Being-absolutely" no sculptured or painted form could in the least represent. No effort of mere sensuous

art could do so. Only a word from out of the mouth of man may do it; only the divinely provided power of the human voice uttering intelligible sound. Now, the pure diphothongal, self-determining, forth-breathing spirit-sound of *Ia* or *Ya* admirably expresses it, in so far as a letter-formed or linguistic product artistically could. *Jah* (which we should naturally pronounce *dgiah*) does not express the thought at all. With its consonantal, half-hissing, half-grating sound, it represents quite the reverse. It sensibly represents the thought of an agent being wholly acted by the act of another: quite the opposite to the thought of "The Absolute" or utterly Self-acting One. Moreover, the letter there meant to be represented by *j* is the Hebrew letter *yod*, of which I showed the English equivalent to be not *j* but *i*, or *y*—as we would naturally pronounce *i* in an affix such as *ia*. Finally (looking merely at the number and character of the original Hebrew letters) I showed that the *h*, so frequently of late inserted at the end as at the beginning of the word, being wholly redundant in our transcription ought not be inserted

there.* Hence I concluded that for all writers who use Roman characters, but especially for all those of the English-speaking world, "*Alleluia*" (not *Hallelujah*) is the proper as it is admittedly the traditional Christian transcription of the word.

II. Those who accept this traditional transcription, it may be said, to be literally consistent ought to write Iâuâ (or Ia'va) instead of "*Jehovah*" for the Divine Name revealed to Moses: and, for the same reason, ought write *A'ia* in transcribing the word in Exodus (Chap. iii.) meaning "He Who Is." Indeed, in addition to this reason of logical consistency, it might well be said that Iâ'uâ (Iâvâ) retains the word's essentially tetragrammatic form: the form which it had in the Hebrew text before the Massoretes added their vowel-points in the ninth century; which it even had in the ancient Phoenician charac-

* See in the article of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, above referred to, my reasons for then giving *â* (with its strong open sound) as proper equivalent for the Hebrew weak aspirate in English transcription. I here say nothing about the triple '*l*' of the acclaiming verb, as that is found in every form of transcription, and I have treated of the subject elsewhere.

ters of that text before it came to be written in the square letters in which it now appears and alone appeared long before the time of the Massoretes. The otherwise correct form and with the very same pronunciation as *Iâvâ,* namely *Iahvah,* gives six, therefore, so far, gives two redundant letters, (*h* in the middle and *h* at the end) and these two not at all needed for the correct pronunciation. *Iâuâ* (or Iava) moreover keeps in evidence the word's connection with the "*Ia*" of the Paschal acclaim and the *A'ia* of Exodus. It may then, and I think ought, be adopted for scientific purposes (Theological or Philological) when writing English. Still, for purposes of general literature I think it right to conform to the custom which has made "Jehovah" a universally accepted term of our language. But "*Ia*" as affix to the Paschal acclaim and hence the form '*Alleluia*' (not *Hallelujah*) ought be insisted on for every purpose: for writing and speaking and singing and, above all, for thinking—for thinking out the truth of the word's thought-term with a view to effecting that thought-sequence to which as a form of liturgi-

cal utterance the whole is primarily an acclaiming call.

III. Here I should naturally like to say something in explanation of what I take to be the true liturgical meaning of the whole as it is presented wherever it shows in the Psalter, in the Apocalypse, and in the church's liturgies from the beginning to the present day. I have, however, already published so much on the subject that I must be content with referring my reader to the Articles I contributed on various phases of it to *S. Luke's Magazine* (London, 1895); *The Catholic World* (New York, 1896); *The Dublin Review, Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* and *American Ecclesiastical Review* (1897 and 1899). For my immediate purpose let it suffice to note that, preserving at once the word's radical sense and sound and, to some extent, even the mystical suggestiveness of its literal form, *'Allelu'ia* may be fairly rendered "All hail to *Him Who Is:*" taking "All-hail" *(Allelu')* as in effect meaning "Glory in the highest" — *Gloria in excelsis,* and taking *"Who Is" ('Ia)* in the absolute sense

in which God said to Moses (Exodus iii. 14) "I AM WHO AM," and—"Thus shalt thou say to the children of Israel: WHO IS hath sent me to you."

IV. Thus viewed the word will at once appear as "the kind of acclamation and form of ovation" which, Calmet notes, universal tradition presents it as being but "which mere grammarians cannot satisfactorily explain. Wherefore the Church has left it untranslated in her versions of Holy Writ and transferred it all unchanged to the formulas of her liturgy." In reply to the call which as acclamation it thus primarily implies, Allelu'ia's "Thought Sequence" would clearly be to declare all that the mystic thought-term (*Ia*), which is its affix, imports, having regard to reason's own *a priori* data, that is, to reflecting self-thought's terms of perfection taken in their logical sequence or naturally ascending order. That would be reason's—reflecting reason's—created reason's own *'Allel'* to *'Ia'*. In this general sense the whole of the foregoing lyrical series (ALLEL) may be said to be "Alleluia's Thought-Se-

quence "consequent on the conclusion of the previous series, on its concluding thought. But formally such a sequence is the piece in ALLEL itself given as Prelude, as self-presentation of the Divine names. This it is as proclaiming in logico-lyrical order what The Absolute (*Ia*) for being so must be *thought* out as Absolutely being and thence *said* to be in relation to all else that may be, having regard to reason's own self-data, to self-thought's own terms of perfection. That I now proceed briefly to explain.

V. I first assume—what I elsewhere dialectically brought out and explained in detail*

---

* (1) "Des jugements qu'on doit appeler synthetiques a priori"—a paper read at the first Paris meeting of the International Scientific Congress of Catholics: *Compte Rendu*, p. 265. (2) "Le fond de la question: si, oui ou non, il faut admetre des jugements qui doivent être appelés synthetiques a priori"—a paper read at the Fribourg meeting of the same Scientific Congress. (3) "La verité de l'existence de Dieu en face de la question s'il y a des jugements synthetiques a priori"—a paper communicated to the Munich meeting of the Congress (1900), and of which the official *precis* is given in the General Reports, *Akten des Fünften Internatiolen Kongresses Katholischer Gelehrten zu München*, vom 24, bis. 28 September. Herder, Munich, 1901; or, see the translation of it given in *All Hallows Annual*, 1902, p. 30.

—that these thought-terms of perfection in the order of *existence* are (1) *Substance,* (2) *Subsistence,* (3) *Natural action,* (4) *Life,* (5) *Understanding,* (6) *Good-will* or love and (7) *its* perfection proper, as the natural term of its self-tending, *Everlastingness.* These I hold are the "echoes from out the everlasting hills" that "every soul self-silenced" hears at the centre of its being. They are the notes of self-thought's mystic gamut: the fundamental data of the "music of the mind." They are accordingly the ontological categories through which, as thought-terms of perfection, the Absolute should be *thought* of as Being-absolutely and thence, in relation to all else that may be, should logically be *named.* Now, first, (1) taking *substance* in its primary real or ontological sense, as meaning *active force,* and then taking the word *creation* in its first proper positive sense as meaning absolute causation hence causation of the totality of a thing's *substance,* clearly the thought of being Absolute Sub-stance, of the One that is the absolutely substantial or fundamental Reality, gives that of God as the Good in *first* instance—*The*

Creator or absolutely First Cause. In the same direct way (2) it may be shown how the thought of absolutely subsisting One, or Self-being, by comparison with all others that may be, gives that of being—*The Uncreated;* while (3) that of the One absolutely acting or Absolute Agent, as being beyond the possibility of subjection to the act of aught else, gives being *The Most High* or The In-finite; so (4) that of the Absolute Life, of the One absolutely self-acting, gives The Su-preme—The *Lord* or All-over, the One to Whose act all others that may be must be subjected; so (5) that of Absolute Intelligence gives being *The All-Seeing;* (6) that of Absolute Will* gives being *The All-Mighty* as signifying the All-Power for good in *second* instance—The Good in regard to the existing, as *The Creator* signifies The Good in first instance or in regard to the possible: finally (7) the thought of Absolute as absolutely *everlasting* gives being —*The Eternal:* as such, The Will that cannot go wrong and hence is the essential Principle

* Will in general of itself being natural tendency to universal good Absolute Will is essentially good-will and absolutely good will.

of righteousness or universal rectitude for all others through time and for ever.

VI. Upon these seven logically consequent terms it should be noticed that they are given as self-names, and ought consequently be taken in their really essential meaning; not merely in the verbal or mere actual sense which is so generally a noun's first logical supposition in English. *The Creator,* for instance, there means not merely the One that has created, or now is creating, but the One to Whom on the whole it belongs to create, the One that is the Subject or Principle of action to whose free will all creation possible or actual is to be attributed. In like manner there *The Most High,* or the Infinite, does not mean merely the One that has actually naught over, or that is not actually bounded, but the One that could not be so, that, as absolutely acting, and therefore on the whole utterly self-acting, could by no act or actuality be ever in any way bounded. As logically self-consequent names, they are thus all terms of essentiality, while *The Absolute* (Ia) is a thought-term of logically known actuality, denoting the One there

now in act known as Being no way *in* or acted *by* the act of aught else, and accordingly to be positively thought of as the wholly self-acting One by whose act all else is being naturally acted in the way that is proper thereto.

VII. Preserving that thought of actually Absolute, then thinking it out through the principle of causation, the logical truth of our sequence may be directly presented, quite independently of the rational *rapprochments* hitherto observed. But here first it should be noted that to ask, as some modern writers do: Why must The Absolute be said to be *personal?* is simple nonsense. "Being *ab-solute (ens ab-solutum)* as simply saying "one in act *no wise subject* to the act of another" means *being one utterly self-acting.* "The Absolute" thus means the One that not only is *personal* but is as *purely personal* as being could be and as *per-fectly per-sonal* as no other being could possibly be. Hence even grammatically taken (as to *genus* or gender) as a denoting thought-term "The Absolute" means the One there that is pre-eminently "He." The only question then for dialectics in regard to the term's

thought is, as I have noted, to ask: What must one being so *as being so*—what must "The *Ab-solute*" as *such*— be successively said to be *in se* having regard to all self-thought's *data* or *modes* of being taken in the ascending order of their perfections; *then* how in the same order must "HE" be logically said to be in regard to *all else* that in any way may be, and how should He thus logically be *named?* Thus thinking we may say:—the Being now there *in act* (be there who or what else there may) that is no way acted by the act of another ("IA") for *being so* must be said to be in regard to all others—HE (1) Whose it is in the first instance to absolutely cause or *make be;* but (2) Who cannot in any sense have been caused or *made be;* hence can (3) in no way be *subject* to the act of another; while (4) all others must in every way be *subjected* to His act; (5) which act itself *must be* that of One absolutely self-representing or self-knowing and through such self-knowledge *all-knowing;* yet (6) *may* be in regard to all others just as *He freely wills* or self-determines it to be; while (7) what His free will does thus self-

determine He is—albeit freely—absolutely self-determined to *from and unto ever-lasting:* which, as His *last,* for us creatures living time's way is naturally His life's sovereign mystery. These thought-terms, it will be seen, are precisely those of our first-formed sequence presenting The Absolute (1) as absolutely substantial or fundamental Reality hence God in the sense of absolutely First Cause—THE CREATOR; (2) as absolutely subsisting—THE UNCREATED; (3) as absolutely acting—THE MOST HIGH, the Infinite or One that can have nought else in any way over; (4) as absolutely living or self-acting—THE LORD, The Supreme or One that must be all-over all others that may be; (5) as absolutely knowing—THE ALL-SEEING; (6) as absolutely willing—THE ALL-MIGHTY or All-power for good to the existing, and (7) as absolutely everlasting—THE ETERNAL; as such The One Whose it is act-wise to determine all agents aright and for ever.

VIII. But, what I desire particularly to accentuate and mainly in view of which I have written the foregoing is that this logically self-

formed sequence of Divine thought-terms gives all the *Hebrew Scripture* names for God *in the exact order of each one's first appearance there.* Thus we have, (1) Genesis i. 1, *El'ohim*—God in the sense of the Creator; (2) Genesis ii. 4, *Jehovah* (Iava)—the Uncreated or Self-being; (3) Genesis xiv. 18, *El'Elion*—the Most High, the one having nought over; (4) Genesis xv. 2, *Adonai*—the Lord, the Supreme or All-over; (5) Genesis xvi. 13, *El'Roi*—the All-seeing; (6) Genesis xvii. 1, *El'Shaddai*—the All-Mighty; (7) Genesis xxi. 33, *El'Olam*—the Eternal. After that there is no thought-term formally presented as Divine Name throughout the Book of Genesis, or anywhere else in Holy Writ till we come to the names of the Man-God Himself: whose first-given name, or rather appellation, *Immanu'el* (God with us) is formed from 'El the primitive of the first of the above series (*El'ohim*); while His second, *Ie'sua,* His name proper (Je'sus), is formed from *'Ia'* the primitive of the second of the series, of *Ia'va* (Je'hovah). This remarkable, and, as far as I know, hitherto unnoticed cor-

respondence of the sequence of Divine names in the order of experience, reason, and written revelation, the reader can easily verify and with the indications I have given think out for himself. The following table will serve to show at a glance the triple correspondence it reveals:

Allelu'ia!

(All-hail to "*Him Who Is*"—Absolute Existence—The Absolute.)

Absolute Substance.....	*The Creator*	*Elohim.*
Absolute Subsistence....	*The Uncreated*..	*Jehovah.*
Absolute Act.....	*The Most High*.	*El'Elion.*
Absolute Life	*The Supreme*....	*Adonai.*
Absolute Understanding	*The All-seeing*.,	*El Ro'i,*
Absolute Good-Will	*The All-mighty*.	*El Shaddai.*
Absolutely Everlasting..	*The Eternal*....	*El'Olam.*

IX. "HA'EL" is sometimes given as another Divine name. As a matter of fact it is found in Genesis soon after *El'Olam* and is there, as often afterwards in Holy Writ, employed to designate the true God. It is, however, really nothing more than a grammatical formation from the contracted Hebrew definite article *Hal* (or *'Al**) and *'El* the root or rather

* And *rather* "Al," as, setting aside the superadded Massorete punctuation, there are only *two* letters in the word. Here, however, as in other places where there is no special objection to doing so, I conform to modern English transcription.

the fundamental form of El'ohim. There being no article in Latin, S. Jerome could give no equivalent to *Hal*, and so, in the Vulgate, Hâ'El is simply translated *Deus,* just as is *'Elohim.* Our English versions in consequence commonly translate it "God." When by itself it might be rendered "the true God" or "the one God"—taking the term "El" as grammatically meaning "Deity" in general. "The God" would be its natural rendering when with another word in the genitive, for instance Beth'el. That is the way of its first appearance: "I am *Ha 'El Bethel"* (Tr. "The God of Beth'el"*) where thou didst anoint the stone and make a vow to me." Genesis xxxi. 13. First showing in this place after the aforesaid seven divine names: *Ha'El (A'El)* may be taken for synthetic thought-term of them all. Here recalling the traditional sense of *"Ia","Allelu'ia"* as form of acclamation may even in this way be understood as saying: "Proclaim the *actually* Absolute (*Ia*) the *real-*

* The word *Beth'el* itself meaning House of God; the name previously given by Jacob to the place of his Messianic vision, as explained in the text.

ly Universal Good *('El)*—the all-good for all and always: *Dominus Deus Sabaoth!*

X. Sabaoth (Hebrew *Tsebaoth*) of itself means *powers*—properly, perhaps, universal powers—*in action,* and in English is not improperly rendered "hosts." The Latin Vulgate retains it untranslated; and it is so presented, no doubt for greater solemnity, in the Preface of the Mass and the daily *Te Deum* of the Office in the form I have just given. Such expressions therefore as Elohim Sabaoth, Jehovah Sabaoth, or Jehovah Elohim Sabaoth —Lord God of hosts—are merely emotional ways of uttering Divine names and, as being so, naturally are favorite forms of expression with the Prophets and other more or less emotional sacred writers. Sabaoth is never used in this way throughout the Pentateuch. It came to be so used as an expression of the Hebrew race's realization of the most glorious fact of its history, that of being the chosen people of God, marching through the ages as "an army in battle array" along with the "powers of heaven," marshalled and led by the Most High Himself. Meaning "hosts in ac-

tion," when joined with Jehovah or Elohim, it forms the most thrilling as making the most actual of all divine appellations; denoting The First, the Self-existent, the Power of powers as here and now determining Creation's universal agents for good in the way that is proper for the special nature and present duty of each one in the work of the Universe. But, even as thus joined to Jehovah or Elohim, Sabaoth makes no new name, gives no new title. It but recalls an actual fact, what the Absolute deigns to be *doing,* not what as Absolute He must be said to *be.* The appellation it goes to form is so thrilling precisely for thus recalling what is in no sense essential; what but for his own free act the Absolute could not be called. For, while as Absolute He must be (1) Elohim, (2) Jehovah, (3) El 'Elion, (4) Adonai, (5) El Shaddai, (6) El Ro'i and (7) 'El 'Olam—the Eternal One—He need not be heading "hosts" of free agents in action, since absolutely speaking there need never be any "Agent" or "Power" existing other than the One that is He. That He has deigned to have

others existing, to have given himself "hosts" of devoted followers and is now leading them on through the ages by ways of universal righteousness to ends of universal good—that is the all-thrilling thought, the actual truth of truths for those who glory in the faith of being so led. That therefore is the sense and spirit of the Church militant's daily singing: *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth!*

XI. While the *Trisagion* is thus the *Allel* or Service-song of the Sabaoth, as the Anthem of the Kingdom of Heaven, *Alleluia* is its universal acclaim. Precisely in this relation, as Universal "Invitatory" to the "Song of the Sons of God," it is that "kind of acclamation and form of oration" which universal tradition presents it as being. Thus in effect it shows throughout the Psalter*; thus in the Apocalypse†; thus in the early liturgies‡ of the Christian Church of the East and West; and thus as I

* Especially through the psalms of the Paschal *Allel.*

† "I heard as it were the voices of many multitudes in heaven saying Alleluia! Salvation and glory and power to our God, for *true and righteous are His judgments.*" Apoc. xix.

‡ See earliest liturgies of which we have written record; notably those known as the liturgies of S. Mark, S. James, and S. Chrysostom: in which the Paschal Acclaim is joined to the Trisagion in the way of Invitatory acclamation.

brought out at length elsewhere* it was taken up and used by the faithful of all classes up to and through the middle ages: always as acclamation voicing the joyous service of the Universe as wording the very sense of the rhythm of things. So through all ways of things it was held to be right that men of good-will should hear it. So they heard it; not alone through the Church's words, through her seven canonical hours of Divine service, as I elsewhere noted, but also, I would here note, through the ceaseless word of their own lives and that of this mysterious world of sense through which human life is being borne. They heard it through the rhythmic throbbing of their hearts and all the sounds and forms and phases of nature's energizing around them. They heard it in the morning chorus of the birds, and the other cheery voices of earth's awakening life. It was for them the word of the rising sun, of the wind through the trees, of rivers on their way to the sea, and of the

* See "Alleluia's Traditional Import," in the Easter number of the *Catholic World*, 1897; "Alleluia's Story," in the *Dublin Review*, March, 1898; "Alleluia as Christian Acclamation," in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, 1898; and articles on the "Alleluiatic Hymn of S. Cammain Fota (Irish saint of the seventh century), in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, May, 1898.

many-voiced sea itself. "Allelu'ia" was to them literally what the waves are saying all day long—what all things on earth are saying "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof." Then, "when the sun went down and the stars came out far over the summer sea" and the heavens were "telling the glory of God," would this mystic song be to those spiritual-minded men what the planets and the constellations as they shine are singing in harmony with " the choirs on high"—*coelestes chori qui cantant in altum.* So sang Blessed Notker a thousand years ago in Europe's then chief school of sacred music and song, in the monastery founded two hundred years before by the Irish foreign Missioner St. Gall. So, after all these years, with the self-same faith as his, while we look on what Blessed Notker looked on, through Night's holy silence may our spirits as his did hear—

The planets glittering on their heavenly way
The shining constellations joining say:
Allelu'ia!*

* See Dr. Neale's fine rhythmic rendering of Blessed Notker's Sequence.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 709 791 8